

# **EXHIBIT 1**



August 5, 2002

Dear Mr and Mrs. Gritz,

**G** I returned home and received your kind message last evening; I am relieved to know that you are back in Paris, and that David has been returned home as well. I am still in shock about it, as I know you must be. These last few days I have been remembering all our conversations together, some as long ago as seven years, some as recent as three weeks. They are so very lucid in my memory; it is almost as though they were not separate, but rather one long conversation which began when we were both boys together at McGill and continued, without interruption, across oceans and continents, until today.

David was, is, and always will be my best friend. I loved him as a brother, and felt privileged by the thought that he felt the same about me. Ours was an unusual friendship: after that first year at McGill we were never in the same place at the same time for more than two weeks consecutively. Yet, through almost constant conversation and as many visits as each could manage, our friendship grew over the years into something that, while difficult to put into words, was understood and quite profound. It was the unique combination of brilliance, innocence and curiosity in David which first sparked our encounters together. I was one year older, more jaded, and perhaps more pessimistic as well. David's nickname for me in those days was "Darth Vader," for I was always trying to make him see the darker side of humanity, which he steadfastly refused to do. Although our relationship changed greatly over the years, that element remained: as recently as one month ago, I was still trying to make him see how very dangerous the world could be, and he was as insouciant and

optimistic as ever. You may know that I was vehemently opposed to his trip to Israel, and told him so on many occasions. I nearly lost my own mother on September 11, and the world has since seemed a far more dangerous place. (I should note, by the way, that David's was the very first phone call I received that day, and my mother called with tears in her voice to tell me that he had called her as well. In fact, it was David who helped me through that difficult time, through frequent phone calls and almost daily e-mails. I saved them all.) David was not entirely innocent to the dangers of his trip. He knew that there was some danger, and he appreciated the terrible consequences for you if something did happen. We discussed all of this. But I had once told him light-heartedly that he would hang upside-down off Mt. Fuji if he believed he could learn something from it, and he reminded me of those words the last time we spoke. I have never known anyone so passionately devoted to knowledge as David was. I remember when he came to visit me here in Rhode Island last summer I gave him an old Egyptology book, written in French, which my father had presented me as a joke on Christmas. David asked very seriously if he could borrow it, and I assented. That night, as I came downstairs for a drink at about three a.m., I saw a light under his door. There I found him bent over the desk, deeply absorbed in the book and taking copious notes.

David retained a child's fascination with the world around him. When he looked to you, it felt almost as though a powerful beam of light was directed at your face, so intense was his concentration. At that moment, you were the most interesting thing in the world to him. And he had that rare gift, the ability to listen, but not to judge. David was probably the most tolerant man I will ever know. He was never shocked, never appalled. He approached all humanity, both its good and bad aspects, with a clinical fascination and almost celestial patience. Having said that, I also should note that he had a wild sense of

humor as well. Knowing that he enjoyed my stories about my somewhat eccentric family, I told him one about my grandfather shouting the words "phallic symbol" in a restaurant. From then on, David never failed to ask how old "Phallic Symbol Burgess" was. His letters sparkled with an exuberant wit that left nothing unspared. In his last message, he even chaffed me good-naturedly about my concerns for his forthcoming trip.

I want to share with you something I said to him in our last conversation, because it has been much in my mind these last few days. I told him that I feared for his life in Israel far more than I should fear for my own there, because his soul was of such an extraordinary goodness that it was really too good for this miserable earth. He was, I told him, precisely the sort of person who would be sacrificed to such a brutal, senseless conflict. I nearly begged him not to go, so vivid was that vision of him in the crossfire. He answered me seriously, saying that he understood the risks, but that he would take every possible precaution. Underneath that solemnity was a powerful excitement and anticipation, which nothing on earth could have cooled. I will never know what it was that David sought in Israel. I only know that he was so passionate to learn it that even the fears and anxieties of his friends and family could not deter him.

I wish I could express to you how much his loss has meant to me, and I wish too that I could be with you now, to share in your grief. David was the only person I have ever known that I felt I had to live up to. His friendship was like a badge of honor; by being friends with David, one felt better about himself. I am reminded of an old Christian verse that Eleanor Roosevelt once found comforting: "They are not truly dead who live on in the lives of others. In each person they blessed, they live a life anew." If a man's life is measured not by years but by its impact on those around him, then surely David had one of the greatest lives of all. Each of his friends is a better person for having known him. David



instilled in me patience, tolerance, and love. He taught me how to listen to music: not with the ears, but with the soul. He sparked in me the same powerful curiosity for the world that he had. His learning in philosophy far exceeded my own, but we found much common ground, and I learned much about the universe by seeing it through his eyes. Perhaps most important of all, David gave me spirituality. When we met, I was a doubtful agnostic still deeply disillusioned with the vagaries of organized religion. David was still exploring these issues within himself. But together, through our conversations, we found a new awakening of our belief in the Divine presence in human affairs, and a new certainty of everlasting life. David's belief was both profound and logical. In our seven-year conversation, he finally convinced me. Thus, it is not an exaggeration to say that I truly owe my soul to David as well. It was David himself who gave me the strength and the faith to cope with his loss. I can never become what he was, but I will always try to live up to his example, knowing that he is with me, watching over me, and guiding me as he always has.

You said in your message that you hoped we could speak again later in different circumstances, and I want you to know that I share that hope. Not incidental to my delight in David's friendship was that it introduced me to both of you, and I said to him, on repeated occasions, how much I enjoyed getting to know you both. It is my most earnest hope that we can continue our friendship. I will be on the West Coast this year, in Vancouver, but I will be returning again to Rhode Island in the Spring. If you intend returning to Massachusetts next summer, please let me know. Also, please do call me whenever you wish: my Rhode Island number is 401-789-3642, and my e-mail is dougburgess\_2001@yahoo.com. I do not know my Vancouver phone number yet, but my parents would be happy to provide it for you once they know. They have also asked me to express to you their sincerest sympathies, and to tell you that you can call them whenever you

wish if you need anything at all, or if you just want to talk. I should add that they, too, feel his loss very deeply. My mother loved him very much, and my father once said "He is worth a million of us." I think everyone who ever knew him felt that way. I wish you both the strength and comfort of God through this terrible time. You will be constantly in my thoughts.

Very Truly Yours,

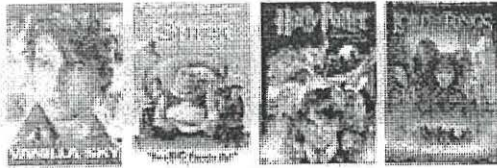


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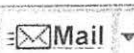
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Dear Douglas,

I've been meaning to write to tell you how much your wonderful letter moved

us. But at present I don't really have the words...and so I'll just thank

you for what, in these heart-breaking circumstances, was for us such a heart-warming message.

And we would also like to thank you and your family for the other signs of

your grief and sympathy. The bear has joined the collection we have kept

since David's childhood - he is among old friends.

Love to all,

Norman and Nevenka

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DAVID GRITZ LEVINAS IN THE FACE OF BEAUTY

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LEVINAS IN THE FACE OF BEAUTY

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DAVID GRITZ (1978-2002)  
AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

"Imagining that death is impossible—forgetting it at least—is the beginning of any decline!"

*Journal of David Gritz*, March 4, 2001

"Click, a nudge inside the head, and you disappear. / Youth—eternal—oh, my time on this earth!"

*Journal of David Gritz*, August 14, 2001

Born March 23, 1978, in Paris to a Croatian Catholic mother and an American Jewish father, and raised in a non-religious and cosmopolitan environment, David Gritz spent his childhood and youth in France, as well as in the United States and the former Yugoslavia (notably Bosnia and Croatia), where he regularly spent his vacations. After high school, he left to study in North America, spending a year at McGill University in Montreal before returning to Paris to take preparatory literature classes, enter the *Institut des Sciences Politiques* [Paris Institute of Political Science], and at the same time do a bachelor's and a master's in philosophy at the University. In 2002, having at the last minute withdrawn from a double diploma program at the *Institut des Sciences Politiques* and the University of Berlin, he accepted a scholarship from the Franco-Israeli association Maskilim to go to Israel in July to study at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and the Shalom Hartman Institute. He also worked on his master's thesis in philosophy, "The Politics of Creation: from Babel to Abraham," a subject that allowed him to combine his interests in philosophy (politics) and the Bible. He was killed at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem two weeks after his arrival, in a bombing on July 31, 2002.

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David Gritz  
(1978-2002): An  
Interrupted Journey





In human terms, David had an extraordinary influence on others, even those he barely knew. His intelligence, his qualities, and his charm were striking, but he also shone from the inside. Sensitive, attentive, patient, and generous, he showed an emotional intelligence and an enthusiasm that could not help but move people. From the depths of his heart, he was concerned with the lives of others and was always there to help them and encourage them, in acts and in words. This open-heartedness made him naturally inclined to discussion. Eager for knowledge and new experiences, he wanted to understand everything, and struck up relationships with all kinds of people, discussing every kind of subject.

Despite the absence of religious encouragement from his family, David showed an interest in Judaism from an early age, but his interest waned and even died when he entered high school, only to well up again some years later. However, his precocious taste for languages, literature, and music, and his penchant for philosophical thinking—acquired, certainly, much later—never waned. As for music, David started the violin before he was five; he also played other instruments, including piano and guitar. Though he was mainly interested in classical music, particularly chamber music, he was also a member of rock, folk-pop, and klezmer bands.

As for philosophy and religion, the year spent at McGill marked a turning point for him. As he wrote in his December 2001 letter of motivation accompanying the research project he submitted to the Maskilim scientific committee, the discovery of Nietzsche and his ideas on “interpretation” had played a decisive role.

“It was an important year for me, for two reasons mainly. The first was that I discovered...Nietzsche's work. At that time, I saw Nietzsche's work as a way—a way that was not religious or metaphorical—to address questions that belonged to the domain of Christian thought and metaphysics...God could no longer be the subject of a 'logos': interpretation (which is at the heart of the world in Nietzsche's thinking) must replace theological explanation in the pursuit of the divine. Spirituality and language were, once again, very close.”

The second striking fact of that year at McGill was the dialogue he started with a “fervent and intelligent” Catholic friend, which revived his interest in religion and made him look deeper into the differences between Christianity and Judaism—which he continued to explore until the end of his life with that friend and other people, including priests.

"I was never really convinced with the way my friend presented Christianity; but at least I gained some knowledge of the Christian religion and a certain respect for it. I became more sensitive than I had ever been before to the theme of religion and faith, and to the Bible. So I began to ask myself what it meant to reject Jesus as the Messiah; in other words, Judaism at that moment became a fundamental question."

Levinas, discovered some time later, was instrumental in helping David establish stronger links between these two main preoccupations: philosophy and Judaism. In this respect, we read in his letter of motivation:

"The discovery of Emmanuel Levinas...was crucial for me, considering the questions I had in my head. I cannot say that Levinas gave me the answers, but the questions themselves have become clearer. I was now able to establish a link between my interest in the theme of interpretation and the idea that there is something in humanity that restricts a conception of the world to a simple sum of interpretations: the Hebrew Bible, as Levinas suggested, was the crux of this link. Thanks to Levinas, a number of theological concepts that left me perplexed or unsatisfied have taken on a whole new weight."

Or in his journal:

"But no matter how hard I deny it, there is the call of the Bible...But the only philosophical words that really speak to me have always been that something extra that Levinas brought me." (02/07/01)

Though his thesis on Levinas's esthetic gave him the opportunity to address a theme that covered art, philosophy, and religion all at once, the study he planned to do on the politics of Babel would enable him to deepen his knowledge of these last two domains. The project on Babel started from the idea of a part of indetermination in Creation—in the relationship between necessity and contingency (Maimonides)—and from its consequences, theories, and practices, concerning diversity, uniformity, and human liberty itself. From a political point of view, it led him to address the question of democracy and pluralism in opposition to all forms of totalitarianism. The figure of Abraham emerged thus as the first "subject" or individual, answering the divine injunction to go toward himself (*lekh lekha*). In his project (in English), he elaborated on the point:

"... the me is not given from the start, it is not a solid identity from which life flows. It seems rather like the goal of a movement: it is the action that precedes it. Babel, however, signified the priority of identity over action; the unity of language, in this episode, was only the correlate of the desire for a firm identity. Instead, the injunction '*lekh lekha*' recreates the intrinsic bond between words and action, and liberty reappears in the world."

This reflection on the emergence of a first individual led him to address the question of relationships between liberty and responsibility, between contingency and necessity, in a human society.

The alternative that was put to him—Berlin or Jerusalem—implied two quite distinct orientations. The first was Eurocentric and committed him to pursuing his philosophical and political studies; it would have steered him, perhaps, to a non-university career. The second focused on philosophy and religion, impelled him to delve deeper into Judaism and comparative religions, a choice that in the end appealed to him more. In any case, as he noted amusedly when alluding to the poem “*Zähle die Mandeln*” by Paul Celan, he would not completely have rejected Germany:

“A poem that heads to Jerusalem, but...in German...Already I will have passed through Germany.” (*Journal*, 02/23/2002)

The power of Jerusalem’s call, its irresistible character, so to speak, seems undeniable, even if it occurred to him to resist:

“I am perhaps...*mutatis mutandis*...like the prophet Jonas. I have heard the words, but I do not want to answer; I want to remain in a pleasant, selfishly hedonistic state of peace. To be able to be content just to live...in a chaos that I accept! Oh, how I would like to live quietly, as a good epicurean—in other words, with pleasure, the search for pleasure, and the measurement of pleasure.” (*Journal*, 02/07/02)

“I recognize you, G-d, but, please, let me quietly drift!” (*Journal*, 03/04/01)

In the circumstances, the choice of Jerusalem, with all the risks it entailed, was not without heartbreak and soul-searching:

“How to explain my departure to Israel, my choosing of risk? The attraction of the word, the romanticism of Jerusalem? There is this attraction, there are these layers upon layers of romanticism, perhaps. But of course it is not only that. G-d, for me, I hope—and this was the conscious part of my intellectual battles—was never, in the absolute, this. What I would most *not* want is for people to think I am going there for a taste of adventure or for the sake of the risk itself. I have never had, essentially, a taste for adventure or for risk for its own sake. For that which is in itself unreasonable. Is it really unreasonable to be going there? Is it really to be choosing “The Plague”?...But to be going there is not to experience plague. It is to continue on the path that I am taking—on the edge of the road, I walk and one of the moments on this road is seemingly stricken with plague...It must be borne, but I am not doing anything for it, to have the bitter experience...But I am asking myself so many questions! How can this be madness? If it were so, there would not be so many questions!” (*Journal*, 02/17/02).

Yet he managed to make his decision with some very striking references:

“The risk of Yerushalem. The poem by René Char... ‘Impose your luck. Grasp your happiness. And go toward your risk. Looking at you, they’ll get used to it.’ So let’s go. It’s a *lekh lekha* (in Hebrew) that is coming to me and making me go. Go.” (*Journal*, 02/23/02)

Can one therefore say that David, who was drawn to Judaism by intellectual and spiritual need, was fully committed to the path of conversion, to “returning” to this religion? This is far from certain. In his letter of motivation, he wrote:



"I nevertheless feel ambivalence toward conversion (since Judaism became significant to me, I have often thought of converting). On the one hand, I feel that the practice of "Mitzvot" (precepts) is justified. On the other hand, I don't believe that the fact of understanding their value amounts, for a non-Jew, to a necessity of conversion. One of the strengths of Judaism, contrary to Christianity and Islam, is that it combines universality with a sense of identity. The criterion of "chosen" is necessarily restrictive, but not aristocratic. The fact that all these human beings are of equal dignity may be inferred from the creation of man in the image of God. Thus, the Hebraic Bible is of great importance also for non-Jews...I tend to think...that the Jewish reading of the Bible and the practice of Judaism, can and must be a source of major inspiration for non-Jews. I therefore wonder if it is not more valuable for me to promote the understanding of Judaism as a non-Jew."

And in the second-to-last entry in his journal, written in Hebrew, he asks these questions again:

"I am not going to return, because I have never had return. Or, very gently, very gently, I will go toward return. It is important to invent laws, new forms...How to feel now, in this city where the colors of worlds and skies combine in the white stone? Is it possible to become Israeli? Is that the most important question? I am coming back to questions (and not to *the* question). To return is perhaps to come back to questions. If there are a great many questions, the divine presence is there. Often, it is thought that in us there are many questions. Yet all those questions are only the words of a soul that has forgotten to speak the holy language." (*Journal*, 07/27/02)

What the future would have held, what turn David's life would have taken, no one will ever know. The only certainty is that one summer day in 2002, in a cafeteria in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, David Gritz, an ardent supporter of understanding between peoples and of the peaceful coexistence of Israel and a Palestinian state, was killed instantly when a bolt from a terrorist bomb penetrated his skull and lodged into his brain.

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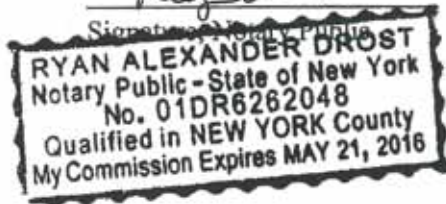
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I, Nadya Dimitrova, hereby affirm that the following is to the best of my knowledge and belief, a true and accurate Translation from French to English of the document P7 504-508 - "David Gritz (1978 - 2002), Un Itineraire Interrompu"

Nadya Dimitrova  
TransPerfect Translations International, Inc.

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5<sup>th</sup> of November, 2014



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DAVID GRITZ  
LEVINAS FACE AU BEAU



## DAVID GRITZ (1978-2002) UN ITINÉRAIRE INTERROMPU

### Sommaire

"S'imaginer que la mort est impossible – l'oublier du moins – est le début de toute déchéance!"

*Journal de David Gritz, 4 mars 2001*

"Clic, un coup de pouce dans l'intérieur de la tête, et vous disparaîsez. / La jeunesse – éternelle – ô, mon passage sur cette terre!"

*Journal de David Gritz, 14 août 2001*

Né le 23 mars 1978 à Paris, de mère croate catholique et de père juif américain, et élevé dans un milieu non-religieux et cosmopolite, David Gritz a passé son enfance et sa jeunesse en France, mais aussi aux États-Unis et en ex-Yougoslavie (notamment en Bosnie et en Croatie), où il allait régulièrement pour les vacances. Après le baccalauréat, il est parti étudier en Amérique du Nord, restant une année à McGill University de Montréal avant de revenir à Paris pour suivre des classes préparatoires lettres, entrer à l'Institut des Sciences Politiques et, en même temps, faire une licence et une maîtrise en philosophie à l'Université. En 2002, ayant renoncé au dernier moment à poursuivre un programme de double diplôme à l'Institut des Sciences Politiques et à l'Université de Berlin, il a accepté une bourse de l'association franco-Israélienne Maskilim pour partir en juillet en Israël faire des études à l'Université Hébraïque de Jérusalem et à l'Institut Shalom Hartman. Il devait également travailler pour son DEA de philosophie: "Les politiques de la Création: de Babel à Abraham", sujet qui lui permettait d'allier ses intérêts pour la philosophie (politique) et la Bible. Il a été assassiné à l'Université hébraïque de Jérusalem, quinze jours après son arrivée, lors de

### N.d.e.

Brève eslime du beau,  
par Catherine Challer

Emmanuel Levinas face  
au beau

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David Gritz  
(1978-2002) : Un  
itinéraire interrompu

l'attentat survenu le 31 juillet 2002.

Sur le plan humain, David avait une influence extraordinaire sur les autres, même sur ceux qui le connaissaient à peine. Son intelligence, ses qualités, son charme étaient saisissants, mais il rayonnait aussi de l'intérieur. Sensible, attentif, patient et généreux, il montrait une finesse de sentiments et un enthousiasme qui ne pouvaient que frapper les gens. Du plus profond de son cœur, il se préoccupait de la vie des autres et était toujours là pour les aider et les encourager, en actes et en paroles. Cette ouverture d'esprit l'avait rendu naturellement enclin aux échanges. Avidé de connaissances et de nouvelles expériences, il voulait tout comprendre et entretenait donc des relations avec toutes sortes de personnes, discutant de tous les sujets.

Malgré l'absence d'incitation religieuse familiale, David s'était assez tôt montré attiré par le judaïsme, mais cet intérêt s'était affaibli, voire éclipsé, après son entrée dans le secondaire, pour resurgir quelques années plus tard. Par contre, ni ses goûts précoces pour les langues, la littérature et la musique ni son penchant pour la pensée philosophique, acquis, certes, bien plus tard, ne s'étaient jamais démentis. Quant à la musique, David avait commencé le violon avant l'âge de 5 ans, il jouait aussi d'autres instruments, notamment piano et guitares. S'il était surtout porté sur la musique classique, tout particulièrement sous forme de musique de chambre, il fit aussi partie d'ensembles rock, folk-pop et klezmer.

Quant à la philosophie et la religion, l'année passée à McGill avait constitué un tournant décisif pour lui. Comme il l'avait indiqué dans sa "Lettre de motivation", écrite en décembre 2001 en complément de son projet de recherche soumis à l'appréciation du comité scientifique de Maskilim, la découverte de Nietzsche et de ses idées sur "l'interprétation" avait joué un rôle décisif.

"Cela a été une année importante pour moi, pour deux raisons principalement. La première c'est que j'ai découvert... l'œuvre de Nietzsche. À cette époque, je voyais l'œuvre de Nietzsche comme une manière, non religieuse et non métaphysique, d'aborder des questions qui appartenaient au domaine de la pensée chrétienne et de la métaphysique... Dieu ne pouvait plus être l'objet d'un "logos": l'interprétation (qui est le cœur du monde dans la pensée de Nietzsche) devait remplacer l'explication théologique dans la quête du divin. Spiritualité et langage étaient, encore une fois, très proches."

Deuxième fait marquant de cette année à McGill, le dialogue engagé avec un camarade catholique "fervent et intelligent" a ravivé son intérêt pour la religion et l'a poussé à creuser les différences entre christianisme et judaïsme – ce qu'il a continué à faire jusqu'à la fin de sa vie avec cet ami et d'autres interlocuteurs, y compris des prêtres.



"Je n'ai jamais été réellement convaincu par la présentation que faisait mon ami du christianisme; mais j'ai au moins gagné une connaissance de la religion chrétienne et un certain respect pour elle. Je suis devenu plus sensible que je ne l'avais été auparavant au thème de la religion et de la foi, ainsi qu'à la Bible. J'ai donc commencé à me demander ce que signifiait le fait de rejeter Jésus comme Messie; en d'autres termes, le judaïsme est devenu à ce moment-là une question fondamentale."

Levinas, découvert plus tard, permettait à David d'établir des liens plus solides entre ces deux préoccupations principales: la philosophie et le judaïsme. À cet égard, on lit dans cette lettre de motivation:

"La découverte d'Emmanuel Levinas... a été cruciale pour moi, étant données les questions que j'avais à l'esprit. Je ne peux pas dire que Levinas m'ait apporté des réponses; mais les questions sont devenues plus claires. J'étais à présent capable d'établir un lien entre mon intérêt pour le thème de l'interprétation et l'idée selon laquelle il y a quelque chose dans l'humanité qui limite une conception du monde en tant que une simple somme d'interprétations: la Bible hébraïque, comme le suggérait Levinas, était le noeud de ce lien. Grâce à Levinas, plusieurs notions théologiques qui me laissaient perplexe ou insatisfait prirent un tout autre poids."

Ou encore dans son journal:

"Mais quoi que je fasse pour nier cela, il y a l'appel de la Bible... Mais la seule parole philosophique parlante, pour moi, a toujours été ce quelque chose de plus qui m'a amené à Levinas." (07/02/01)

Si son mémoire sur l'esthétique de Levinas lui a donné l'occasion d'aborder un thème touchant à la fois à l'art, la philosophie et la religion, l'étude prévue sur les politiques de Babel devait lui permettre d'approfondir ses connaissances dans ces deux derniers domaines. Ce projet sur Babel partait de l'idée d'une part d'indétermination dans la Création – dans les rapports entre nécessité et contingence (Maïmonide) – et de ses conséquences, théoriques et pratiques, concernant la diversité et l'uniformité, ainsi que la liberté humaine. Sur le plan politique, cela le conduisait à aborder la question de la démocratie et du pluralisme en opposition à toutes les formes de totalitarisme. La figure d'Abraham émergeait alors comme le premier "sujet" ou individu, répondant à l'injonction divine d'aller vers lui-même (*lekh lekha*). Dans son projet (en anglais) il précisait sur ce point:

"... le moi n'est pas donné dès le départ, il n'est pas une identité solide d'où découle la vie. Il semble plutôt comme le but d'un mouvement; c'est l'action qui précède. Babel signifiait par contre la priorité de l'identité sur l'action; l'unité du langage, dans cet épisode, n'était que le corrélat du désir d'une identité ferme. L'injonction "*lekh lekha*" recrée au contraire le lien intrinsèque entre la parole et l'action, et la liberté réapparaît dans le monde."

Cette réflexion sur l'émergence d'un premier individu devait le conduire à aborder la question des rapports entre liberté et responsabilité, entre contingence et nécessité, au sein d'une société humaine.

L'alternative qui s'est posée à lui – Berlin ou à

Jérusalem – impliquait des orientations bien distinctes. La première, eurocentrique, l'engageait à poursuivre ses études philosophique et politique, elle l'aurait peut-être conduit à une carrière non universitaire, tandis que la seconde, axée surtout sur la philosophie et la religion, l'incitait à approfondir des études juives ou de religions comparées, ce qui, en fin de compte, l'attirait davantage. En tout cas, comme il note de façon amusée en faisant allusion au poème "*Zähle die Mandeln*" de Paul Celan, il n'aurait pas tout à fait rejeté l'Allemagne:

"Poème qui va vers Jérusalem, mais... en allemand... Déjà j'aurais passé par l'Allemagne." (*Journal*, 23/02/02)

La force de cet appel de Jérusalem, son caractère en quelque sorte irrésistible, semble indéniable, même s'il lui arrivait encore de résister:

"Je suis peut-être... *mutatis mutandis*... comme le prophète Jonas. J'ai entendu la parole, mais je ne veux pas y répondre; je veux rester dans une agréable paix égoïstement hédoniste. Pouvoir me contenter de vivre... au sein d'un chaos assumé! Oh, que j'aimerais pouvoir vivre tranquillement, en bon épicurien – c'est-à-dire avec le plaisir, sa recherche, et la mesure." (*Journal*, 07/02/02)

"Je te reconnais, D.ieu, mais s'il te plaît, laisse-moi tranquillement vaguer!" (*Journal*, 04/03/01)

Dans les circonstances actuelles le choix de Jérusalem, avec tous les risques qu'il comportait, n'allait pourtant pas sans déchirements et examens de conscience:

"Comment expliquer mon départ en Israël, mon choix du risque? L'attrait du mot, le romantisme de Jérusalem? Il y a cet attrait, il y a ces couches superposées de romantismes, peut-être. Mais ce n'est bien sûr pas que ça. D.ieu, pour moi, je l'espère – et ce fut la part consciente de mes combats intellectuels – n'a jamais été, dans l'absolu, cela. Ce que je ne voudrais surtout pas, c'est que l'on croie que c'est par goût de l'aventure que je vais là-bas. Je n'ai jamais eu, essentiellement, le goût de l'aventure ou du risque pour lui-même. De ce qui est en soi déraisonnable. Est-ce que c'est vraiment déraisonnable d'aller là-bas? Est-ce que c'est vraiment choisir "La Peste"?... Mais y aller, ce n'est pas pour vivre l'expérience de la peste. C'est la continuation d'un chemin que j'emprunte – au bord de la route, je marche et l'un des moments de ce chemin est comme frappé de peste... Il faudra supporter celle-ci, mais je ne fais rien pour elle, pour en connaître l'amère expérience... Mais je me pose tellement de questions! Comment pourrait-il s'agir d'une folie? S'il en était ainsi, il n'y aurait pas tant d'interrogations!" (*Journal*, 17/02/02).

Il arrive pourtant à trancher avec des références bien frappantes:

"Le risque de Yeroushalaim. Le poème de René Char... "Impose ta chance. Serre ton bonheur. Et va vers ton risque. À te regarder, ils s'habitueront." Bon, *let's go*. C'est un *lekh lekha* (en hébreu), qui me vient et me fait aller. Va." (*Journal*, 23/02/02)

Peut-on donc dire que David, qui s'était approché du judaïsme par besoin intellectuel et spirituel, était bien engagé sur le chemin de la conversion, du "retour" à cette religion? Rien n'est moins sûr. Dans la lettre de motivation, il écrit:

"Je ressens cependant un sentiment ambivalent vis-à-vis de la conversion (depuis que le judaïsme est devenu significatif pour moi, j'ai souvent pensé à la conversion). D'un côté, je sens que la pratique des "Mitsvot" (préceptes) est justifiée. D'un autre côté je ne crois pas que le fait de comprendre leur valeur signifie, pour un non-juif, qu'il doit se convertir. Une des forces du judaïsme, contrairement au Christianisme et à l'Islam, est qu'il combine l'universalité et le particularisme. Le critère de l'"élection" est nécessairement restrictif, mais pas aristocratique. Le fait que tous les êtres humains sont d'une égale dignité peut être inféré de la création de l'homme à l'image de Dieu. Donc la Bible hébraïque est d'une grande importance aussi pour les non-juifs... J'ai tendance à penser... que la lecture juive de la Bible, et que la pratique juive, peuvent et doivent être une source d'inspiration majeure pour les non-juifs. Je me demande donc s'il n'est pas plus intéressant pour moi de promouvoir la compréhension du judaïsme en tant que non-juif."

Et dans l'avant-dernière entrée de son journal, écrite d'ailleurs en hébreu, il évoque de nouveau ces questions:

"Je ne fais pas retour, car je n'ai jamais eu de retour. Ou, tout doucement, tout doucement, j'ai vers le retour. Il est important d'inventer des lois, des formes nouvelles... Comment me sentir maintenant, dans cette ville où les couleurs des mondes et des lieux se mêlent dans la pierre blanche? Est-il possible de me rendre israélien? Est-ce là la question la plus importante? Je reviens aux questions (et non pas à la "question"). Faire retour, c'est peut-être revenir aux questions. S'il y a un grand nombre de questions, la présence divine est là. Souvent, on pense qu'il y a en nous beaucoup de questions. Or toutes ces questions-là ne sont que les paroles d'une âme qui a oublié de parler la langue sainte." (*Journal*, 27/07/02)

Ce que l'avenir aurait apporté, quel tournant la vie de David aurait pris, personne ne peut vraiment le savoir. La seule certitude, c'est qu'un jour d'été 2002 à une cafétéria de l'Université Hébraïque de Jérusalem, David Gritz, partisan fervent de l'entente entre les peuples et de la coexistence pacifique entre Israël et un État palestinien, a été tué instantanément quand un boulon d'une bombe terroriste lui a pénétré le crâne pour se loger dans son cerveau.

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Testimonials – human qualities

A childhood friend of David:

You have taught me one thing... you used to say: "...if there is something in life you cherish or dream about, go for it, you will find out about your inner self." When you left us on this bright, sunny day in Jerusalem, you were a saint in the motherland. You were a star in all of our hearts.

Friend, classmate at Science-Po [Paris Institute of Political Science]:

You exploded our arrogance into a thousand pieces, you taught us without speaking—simply by being—to relativize our impression of power, of knowledge, of judgment...I have never met anyone who had that effect on me (...) I knew you were a philosopher and a poet, but today I discovered a musician and an artist...On this violin—your violin is so beautiful—the chords are vibrating like your heart and soul was. You had such a beautiful soul. (...)

...because perhaps its real meaning (life's) is what you showed us—make music, art, philosophize, contemplate and leave, but for a cause.

Thank you, David, for your teaching.  
Thank you, David, for your smile.  
Thank you, David, for your eyes.  
David, the beautiful soul.

Other friend, classmate at Science-Po:

I keep a beautiful image of David: that of a charming, intelligent, cultivated, talented boy, attached to the fundamentals of things and to what people are and not to form and appearance...but...above everything, the image of a happy boy, happy to have gotten that scholarship, happy to be at the Shalom Hartman Institute, happy to be learning Hebrew, happy to be doing a master's degree on a theme that captivated him, and above all happy to be going to Jerusalem.

Classmate at Science-Po/École des Beaux-Arts [School of Fine Arts]:

Our discussions were always extremely enriching: intellectually, of course, but also humanly. David always knew how to offset his incredible intellect with a simplicity and humor that were always very warm and sincere; how many times did I ask him to use a vocabulary that was perhaps a little less learned in our discussions? He always complied naturally, simply, and we laughed about it (...)

David was someone very great...His laughs, thoughts, sudden impulses, and passions will remain in my memory forever.





Friend, classmate at McGill University:

...I once told him light-heartedly that he would hang upside-down off Mt. Fuji if he believed he could learn something from it, and he reminded me of those words the last time we spoke. I have never known anyone so passionately devoted to knowledge as David was. (...)

David retained a child's fascination with the world around him. When he looked at you, it felt almost as though a powerful beam of light was directed at your face, so intense was his concentration. At that moment, you were the most interesting thing in the world to him. And he had that rare gift, the ability to listen, but not to judge. David was probably the most tolerant man I will ever know. He was never shocked, never appalled. He approached all humanity, both its good and bad aspects, with a clinical fascination and almost celestial patience. Having said that, I also should note that he had a wild sense of humor as well. (...)

David was the only person I have ever known that I felt I had to live up to. His friendship was like a badge of honor; by being friends with David, one felt better about oneself...If a man's life is measured not by years but by its impact on those around, then surely David had one of the greatest lives of all. Each of his friends is a better person for having known him. David instilled in me patience, tolerance, and love. He taught me how to listen to music: not with the ears, but with the soul. He sparked in me the same powerful curiosity for the world that he had...Perhaps most important of all, David gave me spirituality....

Friend, classmate at McGill University:

David was so very wonderful, so very special a person who made every moment spent with his friends magical and brilliant. I remember the moment...when I first met David. He was playing the piano of the Common Room (in the residence hall). He was concentrating so completely and it sounded so beautiful. Even before we met, I'd already recognized his charm, charisma and sensitivity. He radiated these qualities. That first conversation, like every conversation with David, was funny, interesting, thought-provoking.

...Together with (another friend)...we always discussed what we were learning. David was so articulate - and so intense when he listened to others. An open-mindedness that never faded... We would watch him play the violin. He played so beautifully, so creatively.(...)

...(Later) David and I communicated through telephone and e-mail. He was always so welcoming and so giving. After I spoke to him, I felt inspired. His e-mails were lovely, such a love for life.

Friend, classmate at McGill University:

I was only lucky enough to spend one year with David, but his presence and his spirit have been with me ever since. His passing has deeply shaken all of us who knew him at McGill...David was a magnificent, generous, intelligent person, and an important part of his legacy will be in the inspiration that he provided for me and for others around him.

Canadian friend, daughter of a friend of his parents:

We light candles daily in memory of David, and there are many people here praying for his peaceful repose. It is remarkable how many people remember him from the few weeks he was here. He has had a lasting effect upon others that cannot be accurately measured or understood... I hope you can glimpse the positive influence David brought into the world in such a short time. And he will be forever young and questing in our minds.

Old Canadian friend of his parents:

In life David would have achieved remarkable things, not only in philosophy and in the university (or wherever he chose to make a career), but on the purely human level. He was instantly liked and listened to, and would have become very influential in the best possible sense. I don't think his influence will be diminished, even if it does take on a form that none of us envisaged—or wanted to happen so soon. (...) he was, not only a brilliant scholar but the kind of human being we would all like our children to be.

Old friend of his parents:

I remember this radiance that emanated from him, combined with a maturity that I have never encountered again. A beauty and gravity, a determination in his decision to leave in order to accomplish what was essential and obvious for him—what he had chosen. It seemed to me that there were no other possibilities, in the depths of his soul, than to go forward.

Former colleague of his father:

David had everything going for him. He was handsome, intelligent and with a radiant presence, which he didn't seem to be aware of—which only enhanced his charm.

Friend of American friends of his parents:

I searched long and hard to find meaning in this grief, and it only came when I realized that David, through his character and focus on life, had become an inspiration not only to me and my family, but to others too.

On a surprising number of occasions I have chanced on people I barely know who, independent of my small knowledge of him, spoke of David and how deeply they were moved by the story of his life and the wonderful example in living he had set.

...someone who touched my life in such a special way the few times I was able to spend time with him. David touched me in an intense way. His generous nature, sensitivity towards others and pure love of life is truly inspiring to me. Every day of the future I will aspire to see the world as David did - a place where everyone can always be helpful to others while teaching and passing on one's own positive attributes. David shared his wisdom and sense of self in a unique way. I hope that one day I will be able to do the same.

Friend of David:

We miss him so much. I felt such a deep affection for him, but I never imagined that he would leave such an emptiness in me. Like the departure of a beloved little brother. He was so present. Fifteen minutes with him and I felt soothed for days. He understood other people so well, whoever they were, and however old they were...and what tenderness he knew how to give out...

Old American friend of his parents:

David was surely one of the most gentle, sensitive, generous hearted, talented and intelligent human beings we've ever been fortunate enough to know, and I cannot begin to say adequately how much we admired and loved him.

...

He was so mature intellectually, had read and...absorbed so much, could talk so intelligently about so many subjects and writers that it was pure pleasure to be in his presence. And with the intellectual brilliance came a sensitivity and kind-heartedness and, it seemed, a selflessness rare in humans at any age, certainly extremely rare in persons of his age. He was, surely, a 'miracle child' and his death diminishes by much the lives of all of us who had come to know and love him.

Friend, neighbor from Massachusetts:

I can't imagine a world without him in it. He was truly a point of light in a dark world...a young man with so many talents and a maturity far beyond his years...with such potential to see beyond the haze that surrounds us these days. (...) I can only tell you that he was loved and respected in a way and to a degree that one does not often see with one so young. He touched so many lives and will be sorely missed.

Friend, neighbor from Massachusetts:

I found him the most beautiful, kind, gentle person. When he entered our home, it was a ray of sunshine. I feel like I lost a family member.

Father of one of David's closest American friends:

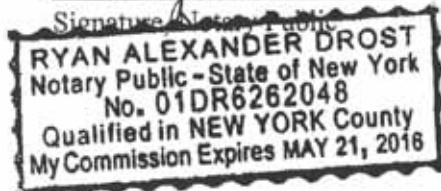


City of New York, State of New York, County of New York

I, Nadya Dimitrova, hereby affirm that the following is to the best of my knowledge and belief, a true and accurate Translation from French to English of the document P7 509-512 - "Temoignages - qualites humaines"

Nadya Dimitrova  
TransPerfect Translations International, Inc.

Sworn to before me this  
5<sup>th</sup> of November, 2014



Stamp, Notary Public





Témoignages - qualités humaines

Ami d'enfance de David :

You have taught me one thing... you used to say: "...if there is something in life you cherish or dream about, go for it, you will find out about your inner self." When you left us on this bright, sunny day in Jerusalem, you were a saint in the motherland. You were a star in all of our hearts.

Amie, camarade de classe de Science-Po :

Tu nous avais fait exploser en mille pièces notre arrogance, tu nous avais enseigné sans parler - rien qu'en étant - à relativiser notre impression de pouvoir, de connaissance, de jugement... je n'ai jamais rencontré quelqu'un qui m'avait fait cet effet-là (...)  
Je te savais philosophe et poète, mais j'ai découvert aujourd'hui un musicien et un artiste... On this violin - your violin is so beautiful - the chords are vibrating like your heart and soul was. You had such a beautiful soul. (...)

...car peut-être son vrai sens (celui de la vie), c'est ce que tu as montré - faire de la musique, de l'art, philosopher, contempler et partir, mais pour une cause.

Merci, David, pour ton enseignement.

Merci, David, pour ton sourire.

Merci, David, pour ton regard.

David, the beautiful soul.

Autre amie, camarade de classe de Science-Po :

Je garde une belle image de David : celle d'un garçon charmant, intelligent, cultivé, talentueux, attaché au fond des choses et à ce que sont les gens et non à la forme et à l'apparence... mais... avant toute chose l'image d'un garçon heureux, heureux d'avoir eu cette bourse, heureux de participer à l'Institut Shalom Hartman, heureux d'apprendre l'hébreu, heureux de faire un DEA sur un thème qui le passionnait et surtout heureux d'aller à Jérusalem.

Camarade de classe de Sciences-Po/Beaux-Arts :

Nos échanges étaient toujours extrêmement enrichissants : intellectuellement, bien sûr, mais aussi humainement. David savait toujours contrebalancer son incroyable intellect d'une simplicité et d'un humour toujours très chaleureux et sincères; Combien de fois ne lui ai-je pas demandé d'employer un vocabulaire peut-être un peu moins savant lors de nos discussions? Il l'a toujours fait tout naturellement, simplement, et nous en riions sans complexes. (...)

David était quelqu'un de très grand.... Ses rires, pensées, coups de tête, passions resteront à jamais dans ma mémoire.

Ami, camarade de classe de McGill University :

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Amie canadienne, fille d'une amie de ses parents :

We light candles daily in memory of David, and there are many people here praying for his peaceful repose. It is remarkable how many people remember him from the few weeks he was here. He has had a lasting effect upon others that cannot be accurately measured or understood... I hope you can glimpse the positive influence David brought into the world in such a short time. And he will be forever young and questing in our minds.

Vieil ami canadien de ses parents :

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Vieille amie de ses parents :

Je me souviens de ce rayonnement qui émanait de chez lui, lié à une maturité que je n'avais jamais encore rencontrée. Une beauté et une gravité, une détermination dans sa décision de partir afin d'accomplir ce qui était essentiel et évident pour lui - ce qu'il avait choisi. Il m'avait semblé qu'il n'y avait pas d'autres possibilités, au plus profond de lui-même, que d'aller droit devant lui.

Ancienne collègue de son père :

David avait... tous les dons pour plaire. Il était beau, intelligent et d'une présence rayonnante, dont il n'avait pas l'air d'être conscient - ce qui augmentait son charme.

Ami des amis américains de ses parents :

I searched long and hard to find meaning in this grief, and it only came when I realized that David, through his character and focus on life, had become an inspiration not only to me and my family, but to others too.

On a surprising number of occasions I have chanced on people I barely know who, independent of my small knowledge of him, spoke of David and how deeply they were moved by the story of his life and the wonderful example in living he had set.



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Amie de David :

Il nous manque tellement. Je ressentais pour lui une profonde affection, mais n'imaginai pas qu'il laisserait en moi un tel vide. Comme le départ d'un petit frère chéri. Il était si présent. Un quart d'heure à ses côtés et je me sentais apaisée pour de nombreux jours. Il comprenait si bien l'autre, quel qu'il fût, et quel que fût son âge...et quelle tendresse il savait distribuer...

Vieil ami américain des parents :

David was surely one of the most gentle, sensitive, generous hearted, talented and intelligent human beings we've ever been fortunate enough to know, and I cannot begin to say adequately how much we admired and loved him.

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I found him the most beautiful, kind, gentle person. When he entered our home, it was a ray of sunshine. I feel like I lost a family member.

Père d'un grand ami américain de David :